

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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GIVE CHRISTIANITY A CHANCE

If every human life is saddened by the world catastrophe, it is consoling to reflect that every one of us can help to save mankind from ever enduring this again. We are marching to a better world, we say; but it all depends on us. The fate of the world is in the hands of ~~us~~ people, of you and me. If God is working His purpose out, He works it out through our own lives.

We are looking on at the saddest thing since Calvary. Then it was the crucifixion of the Light of the World; now it is the crucifixion of the human race. In a thousand years, when our age and those who play their part in it have passed to some great place in the Universe, men will still read the tragedy of these days. They will look back through time and see the nations at the cross-roads of their destiny, mankind on the slippery edge of a precipice, baffled by disaster and bewildered by imponderable forces.

Two Ways That Lie Before Us

We believe that the world will be saved, that all these evil things will pass. We believe that civilisation will not melt away like snowflakes in summer. We believe that God will redeem His people and that there will yet arise, in all the nations everywhere, a spirit that flings out quilnings and cravens and will break down the feuds and vanities and follies of our time. One way only is there to such a consummation; it is the conviction within us that we are partners with God, and goodwill in the hearts of all good people in every land under the sun.

Let us look at the two ways that lie before us all, before the five continents, their hundred nations, and their thousands of millions of lives. One way leads to reasonable happiness for us all, the other to slavery and ruin. Once more it is Christ or Barabbas, civilisation or barbarism.

THE curse of the whole human race has been the feud of Germany against the world. It has been the streak of insanity running through Europe. We have seen it at work all through our lifetime. It has made five wars in seventy years, and the world has paid for it with the lives of the best manhood of our generation. It has kept alive the spirit of hate that ground men to powder. It has put the destinies of a continent at the mercy of the sword and finally at the mercy of a madman. It has taken all the knowledge and power and treasure that man had built up for ages and fashioned them into instruments of murder. It set one half of the continent sharpening its swords and loading its guns against the other half, and turned the friendship of good neighbours into mechanised hate. For madness such as this the boys of Europe have been led like sheep to the slaughter for generation after generation.

The Sermon on the Mount

That is the way the gospel of hate according to the Germans has led the world. How would it be if, when peace comes back to the world again, we tried the gospel of love according to the Sermon on the Mount?

The truth is that the Sermon on the Mount is the wisest and most practical of all political and moral philosophies. Sitting round a table with its words in front of them, the rulers of the world could bring peace and goodwill among men. They could set the heart of humanity beating high and set life on its way again. They could build up the

broken world and start the wheels of industry working to produce, not fortunes for a few, but needs and comforts for the multitude. They could stop the spectre of unemployment from raising its abominable head. They could give all the peoples decent homes and food enough to eat. They could pull down the barriers that keep countries apart and set up frontiers of friendship to draw them together.

EVEN in the world as it has been our business men have settled their affairs in friendliness and have been able to trust each other. The post offices of all countries can work together so that nothing goes wrong. The Red Cross can do it. The scientists of all countries can help each other and share their ideas. The legal systems of all nations protect each other. It was lovely in the old days of peace to be able to buy a costly treasure from an Italian shop and send the money for it on getting back to London. Even with the German distrust running through Europe it was possible to move about the world like friends and neighbours, not feeling that we would be robbed or beaten or stabbed in the back. The spirit of Christianity was working. The human Brotherhood was dawning.

It was only politics that would not work. It was only politics that kept Europe in hostile camps and made it impossible for nations to shake



EVENSONG

How Do You Know the Time is Coming?

This verse is one of two written by Thomas Hardy to The Awakening Year, and appears in his Collected Poems (Macmillan).

How do you know, deep underground,
Hid in your bed from sight and sound,
Without a turn in temperature,
With weather life can scarce endure,
That light has won a fraction's strength,
And day put on some moments' length,
Whereof in merest rote will come,
Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb,
O crocus root, how do you know,
How do you know?

hands like men. It is only in politics that common sense and human kindness can never have their way. In science we can work with one another. In business we cooperate. In transport we share our railways. In finance we use each other's money. In communications we preserve each other's secrets. But in politics we must hate each other, fight each other, kill each other.

If one asks the reason for such madness it is that, whereas the scientist and the business man base their conduct on facts and understanding, in politics the operating factors are Ignorance and Fear, the enemies of mankind. The politician cries for Security, and he knows not where to find it.

Strength That Comes From Happiness

Here it is that *every one of us* comes in. We must teach the politician a better way than he has been pursuing all these years. We must teach him that a nation is strong only if its people are happy, and safe only if it is the friend of all.

We must change the character of Parliament and make it a great moral institution for transforming and uplifting the world. Even our own people Parliament has atrociously neglected, and the Empire it has neglected almost unto death.

IT is only within the last generation that a spirit of Christianity has appeared in the House of Commons with any substantial effect. It has made the lives of our people safer, healthier, happier, and has made it possible for us to sing Land of Hope and Glory without feeling that we are hypocrites. It has made it possible for William Blake's Jerusalem to become a national anthem. It has made us ashamed of our neglect of the empire and made us willing to develop it and to share its good things with all lands. Mr Roosevelt has told us that the thought of the Ten Commandments is always with him in his work; and is it not the spirit of Christianity that lies behind the Atlantic Charter, with its offer of a new life and a better world for all?

It is true that there has never been a Christian nation; but why not try it? Why not give Christianity a chance? Why not make the world safe from another attack by evil forces, and build up a union of nations who would follow the Golden Rule and do unto other nations as they would that other nations should do unto them? We can begin it. You and I can start today. We can love our neighbour even while we pity his weakness as we deplore our own.

Goodwill the Axis of Security

Security, the dream of men of all the ages and all the races, lies in our grasp—security and serenity and universal peace. The secret is in the heart of every man. It lies in trusting each other and in persuading men that only by friendship and cooperation can we reach the height of our power and a wide basis of happiness.

For nearly two thousand years Europe has been the citadel of Christianity, and all these centuries the peoples of Europe have been fighting one another, blind as a bat to the moral law that simple goodwill is the axis of security and the secret of prosperity. Is it not worth while at last for nations to be decent, for papers to be honest, for pulpits to be Christian, for parliaments to be noble? After talking about it for so long, is it not worth while to try Christianity at last? Let us begin—You, I, here, now.

Arthur Mee

The Great Roads Across Africa

THE news that Fort Lami in French Equatorial Africa, over 1500 miles due south from Tripoli, had been bombed by an unidentified plane came as a surprise the other day.

This long-distance attack may be explained by the fact that our Free French Allies have been making a valuable contribution to the war effort by building roads and bridging rivers in the heart of Africa. A wonderful transformation is being effected in rapid time by the building of a great route across Central Africa.

From Duala, the important Cameroons seaport in the centre of the Gulf of Guinea, the Free French have extended two roads across the mandated territory, and across the vast Ubangi-Shari Colony behind it, to link up with roads in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The northern road passes through Fort Lami, 80 miles south of Lake Chad, and continues across Darfur to Khartoum,

the southern enters the Sudan through Bahr-el-Ghazal.

Already there are 12,000 miles of modern roads which can be used by any kind of vehicle at any season of the year. Only a year or two ago the tributaries of the Shari and Congo Rivers formed great obstacles in the routes across Central Africa, but the Free French have spanned them with bridges, one 270 yards long, and traffic is now unimpeded.

Nothing like this has ever been done before in so short a time in Africa, and these two roads can only be compared with the marvellous Burma Road in Asia. They will prove a great help now that the difficulties of shipping round the Cape have been increased.

Nearing Australia

THE rapid advance of the Japanese has brought into the news many less-known British islands in the vast Pacific Ocean. Among these are the Bismarck Archipelago, mandated to Australia, whose mainland is only 700 miles from Rabaul, their capital on the island of New Britain.

A landing at Rabaul has stirred the Commonwealth to its greatest efforts, and we shall see that this daring adventure of the Japanese will prove the beginning of their

downfall, for history has shown that there are no soldiers or airmen more doughty than our Australian cousins.

Japan has been lucky in having the freedom of the seas for a while owing to a series of unforeseen events and to unpreparedness, but now once again we may remember the words of Mr Asquith so much used in the last war, Wait and See.

Australia is in the shadows of war, but she knows that the end will be well.

Full Steam Ahead With Electricity

It is a good sign that, in spite of all the rolling stock our railways have sent to the war fronts, the production of new types continues.

The Southern Railway is the latest to introduce a new locomotive, a powerful electric affair capable of hauling goods trains of a thousand tons, or passenger trains up to 75 miles an hour. The Chief Electrical Engineer of the S.R., Mr Alfred Raworth, has designed the locomotive, and all mechanical parts were made in the company's Ashford works to the design of Mr O. V. Bulleid, Chief Mechanical Engineer.

The new locomotive has a box type cab carried on two six-wheel bogie trucks, and each of

the six axles is driven by an electric motor.

At each end of the vehicle is a driver's cab containing controls, and there are 26 driving positions in each controller, so that very smooth acceleration is assured. Trains attached to the locomotive will be steam heated as now, for in the main cab is an electrically-fired boiler for this purpose, and there are also electrically-driven compressors and exhausters for operating the brakes.

Current is collected from the conductor rail by four shoes on each side of the locomotive, and there is an arrangement for working from overhead cables in certain sidings.

STORY

For over a year Mrs Haines, of Downham in Kent, had heard nothing of her sailor son Bob. His last letter had been written at Hong Kong.

Being anxious, Mrs Haines asked the Admiralty for news, and the reply stated that so far as anyone knew her son was still in Hong Kong. Then, a week or two ago, he was posted as missing.

The next day a neighbour called on Mrs Haines to sympathise with her. As Mrs Haines showed her visitor out she welcomed her son in, for he arrived at that moment, smiling.

Where Are the Papers?

There is much activity in every town and village since the national drive for paper waste began. Every council and committee and group racks its brains to think of some novel idea which will bring in more.

Norwich has been looking into figures. There are 110 newsagents acting as receivers for the special drive, and they have discovered that every week 140 tons of papers are sold in Norwich, but only 16 tons are recovered as waste. What becomes of the 124 tons?

The newsagents are going to find out; and they mean to collect them, too, by hook or by crook.

WHEN THE BRAINS TRUST FAILS YOU Try the Children's Encyclopedia

May we suggest to readers who listen-in to the Brains Trust that when the Brains Trust fails to answer a question they should look at the Children's Encyclopedia?

This is the answer we find on page 4639 to a question these Wise Men gave up:

Why Does an Onion Make Our Eyes Water?

Our eyes are really watering all the time; that is to say, we are producing tears that pass over the eyeball and keep it clean. That is why we blink, to carry the tears that appear under the upper lid over the surface of the eye.

These tears escape into the nose. We say that our eyes water when the tears form so quickly that they cannot escape quickly enough, because then we see them water. Onions give off something to the air which excites the ends of the nerves of smell in the nose, and also excites the ends of the nerves of touch in the eyeball and eyelids, and so sends a message to the brain telling the tear-glands to make tears quickly; and then we say that our eyes water.

There is use in this, for the rapid flow of tears helps to protect the eyelids and the eyeball from the stuff the onions give off. In people who, for some reason, cannot produce tears, such things as onions will make the eyes smart severely.

SOLID AMERICA

The 21 American States whose representatives met at Rio de Janeiro last month showed that they are united in a policy of breaking off all relations with the Axis powers. There was at first a little doubt about Argentina and Chile, but, as the Mexican Foreign Minister declared at the close of the conference, everything has been solved. All the Americas, therefore, are with the Allies.

It is the first time in history that all the American nations have been united on public policy. So 270 million people stand solid for freedom against the Huns and the Japs.

D O B

We love the message the Scout Headquarters have received from the Singapore Troop. It reads:

Your message greatly appreciated. We will D O B.

That is wolf cub language, D O B meaning Do Our Best.

THINGS SEEN

Notice on an Australian green-grocer's van:

Strawberries—One Shilling a box; 8d to wives of A I F men.

A 24-foot monster resembling the prehistoric plesiosaurus, washed ashore on the Orkneys.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A LEEDS woman has left in her will a sum of money to provide a copy of the Bible to be placed in hotel bedrooms throughout the kingdom.



The torch of Liberty has not been completely blacked out, the light on the great statue in New York Harbour having been dimmed just enough to indicate its presence. The statue, by F. Bartoldi, was presented by the French nation to the United States to commemorate the centenary of American Independence; it is 151 feet high and stands on a pedestal 154 feet high.

Mr A. J. Orford, of Halesworth in Suffolk, has completed 70 years as a chorister, and still sings regularly at St Mary's Church.

It is said that each year in Canada 100,000 cars reach the scrap heap, containing enough metal to make 4000 tanks.

When Essex scrap metal campaign opened at Chelmsford two contributions were 950 tons of tramway rails from Southend, and from Mr Denny, an 85-year-old postmaster, 400 old copper coins.

For men of the fighting services and the merchant navy who wait long hours for trains, 300 sleeping bunks have been installed at Paddington, King's Cross, Liverpool Street, and Waterloo stations.

ST FRANCIS'S CHURCH at West Wickham has furnished a corner with a settee, an armchair, and a table with writing materials, open to anyone.

A kittiwake gull caught in Bonavista Harbour, Newfoundland, was wearing a ring placed on its leg on an island off the coast of Murmansk a year before. The distance between the start and finish of the journey is 6000 miles.

Scout and Guide News Reel

PLYMOUTH Scouts are helping energetically in the new drive for waste paper, one Troop having collected forty tons.

The British Empire Medal and the Scout Silver Cross for Gallantry have been awarded to 17-year-old Scout Clifford Stratton of the 15th Holborn Troop for 48 hours of continuous rescue work following an operation on his foot.

POOLE Scouts have given more than 17,000 hours of duty to A.R.P., A.F.S., hospital, and casualty services; Sea Scouts of the same district have put in 10,000 hours of National Service work.

Rotherham Scouts have provided the Mayoress of Rotherham

with £700 for her Comforts Fund by collecting waste-paper.

Many Cardiff Guides have been making hammocks at home to help a local firm with an urgent order.

THE Guides of Hull have busy fingers, for, besides providing numerous gifts for the Mother Humber Fund, they have made 60 articles for the R.A.F. Comforts Depot and 115 woollies for local men.

By collecting waste material Guides and Scouts of South Australia have raised more than £10,000 in 18 months, the money going to war charities and also to provide medical and dental equipment for the Services.

Tommy and the Rat

WE fell in love with Tommy on the farm and brought him home, writes a Cornwall correspondent. He was only a kitten, but soon settled down. After the manner of his tribe, he was not long in showing what he could do. He loved to roam in the pastures and hardly a day went by when he did not bring home the spoils of the chase. Sometimes it was a field mouse, sometimes a little gentleman in velvet.

When we saw Tommy the other morning carrying a young rat in the garden we felt rather proud of him, but Tommy teased the unwelcome visitor without respect and we could hardly believe our eyes when presently we saw Tommy take the rat back to the hole from whence he came and then, with his paws and his nose, deliberately push him in! Of course the rat was eager to help, and disappeared in next to no time!

America Reviews the Troops

No secret is made by the U.S. Army authorities about their new recruits or the sort of people they are.

Of the 17,000,000 men registered, 2,000,000 have been examined. Their average height is 5 feet 7½ inches and weight 150 lbs, which is 8 lbs heavier than in the last war. There seems to be a health belt round Colorado, where seven men out of ten were fit against only three out of ten in the Southern States. The Army examination of its

2,000,000 recruits seems to be severe, because it has rejected 430,000 as totally unfit and puts 473,000 down as B1. President Roosevelt has intervened, suggesting that the B1 class might be reviewed to find out whether they might not be made fit enough to undertake minor duties. He was influenced, no doubt, by the fact that there were among them 180,000 rejected on account of their teeth, 123,000 because of their eyes, and 110,000 because they were totally illiterate.

Comrades in Arms

An enthusiastic welcome was given to the first troops of the American Expeditionary Force when they arrived in Northern Ireland last week. These vigorous men are the vanguard of an army which will share with our own the victory over the enemies of both the Old World and the New.

THE GREAT ROCK

Two officials of the Sudan Government have been the first men to scale the heights of the sheer rock known as Jebel Kassala, rising 2800 feet in the desert of Eritrea. At the top they found the Tree of Life, which the natives of the desert eat as if it were magic.

The Song of the Canary

LIKE the poet, the song of the canary is born, not made. Long and patient inquiry, involving 143,000 phonograph records of a canary's voice, has shown it.

Seven canaries, in different cages where they could not hear the notes of one another, were the subject, and a complete record of the twitterings of each, from the time they emerged from the egg till they achieved full song, was made. They all became songsters, showing that it was

not necessary for a canary to hear canary speech in order to learn it.

These experiments were to show that the song of these isolated birds is purer and better than that of wild birds, who do learn extra notes and trills from one another. More than that, a canary can be induced to introduce new trills and vibrations into his song. He can, indeed, be taught to trill forth the enchanting vibrato just like a human soprano.

LOST & FOUND

There was consternation in the Penrose family of Gunedah, New South Wales, the other morning when sixteen ducklings were found to have disappeared overnight.

The distracted mother duck was running round an old hollow log, and the family went to investigate. There was a 12-foot carpet snake, sound asleep! Mr Penrose killed the snake and found the ducklings inside it!

A Well-Trained Mine

It seems that the Germans are trying to make the people of Norway think our submarines are doing nothing to hinder the passage of German supply ships along the Norwegian coast.

At the official investigation into the sinking of one such ship the Norwegian captain explained that a British submarine had risen to the surface, halted the ship, given the crew ten minutes to get into lifeboats, and had then proceeded to sink the ship. That is nonsense, interrupted

a German officer. There are no British submarines along the Norwegian coast. You must have struck a mine! The captain repeated it was a submarine, but the German insisted that he was wrong.

Very well, replied the exasperated captain, who then revised his account for the records:

A mine came to the surface on the starboard side. It halted us, gave us ten minutes to get into lifeboats, then ran smack into our ship, sinking it.

SCIENCE KNOWS NO FRONTIERS

A prize of £500 has been awarded to the Harvard Professor Shapley, the famous astronomer, who is one of the foremost census takers of the distant universes of space. No astonishment would ordinarily be felt at this, but some may be expressed about the source of the prize, for it is the Pius Eleventh Prize for Astronomy, awarded by the Vatican Academy of Science. In this respect the Vatican seems to wish to hold itself above the conflict now involving almost the whole world, but however that may be, the Papacy can only do itself honour by honouring the truth.

CHAINED TO THE WHEEL

In some of the new factories a worker is actually chained to the wheel! In other words, his wrist is connected with a newly-invented chain guard which is also attached to the mechanism in such a way that it prevents the worker getting a hand or an arm into the machinery.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S REST

A Red Indian Chief of high renown in ancient and forgotten days has set the discoverers of his grave in the Far West wondering about his story.

He was laid in some lost Red Indian burial ground at Santa Barbara, long before a white man set foot there. He must have been a fisher as well as a hunter, for he was put to rest on the inlaid shoulder blade of a whale, which was his coffin.

The shoulder blade had been cut and flattened to receive him, and in a groove round its edges 305 small olivella shells were inlaid, five to the inch. Strings of soapstone beads and carved olivella shells were about his neck and chest, and handfuls of the shells had been thrown on him as he was lowered into the grave.

This very remarkable coffin and its tenant have been removed to the museum.

THE ANGRY BEES

A hive of bees staged a blitz near Townsville in Queensland the other day.

The hive fell from a lorry and the bees swarmed angrily all over the road in search of someone to sting. First they attacked a woman who was driving along in a sulky, stinging her horse so badly that the poor animal reared up and bit the woman in the arm when she tried to free it from the shafts.

Eight motorists were the next casualties, then four cyclists, and so vicious were the bees that it needed two ambulances to take the victims to hospital!

GIBRALTAR BILLY

The only donkey officially listed as a member of the British Army has died at last. He was Billy, born in Morocco, but for most of his life he was part of the garrison at Gibraltar. For 16 years he served his king and country, and when he died the other day at 23 years old he was greatly mourned by the soldiers stationed on the Rock, with whom he had always been a favourite.

Billy's daily job was to draw the military laundry cart up the steep hill, and his pay was a bundle of straw and hay. He died three months after retiring from long and faithful service.

MR STENTOR

"How the creatures do order one about!" said Alice. And how all of us who travel from crowded stations now are ordered, guided, and counselled by mighty voices from unseen speakers telling us when a train is coming and where it is going.

Filling the station, the great voice is produced by an instrument called the Stentophone, which enormously magnifies human tones without distorting them. Its name is taken from Stentor, the Greek herald, who, serving before beleaguered Troy, was famous for the power of his voice. No trumpets were used in the Trojan War, but for the Greeks it was "great-hearted Stentor with the voice of bronze, whose cry was loud as the cry of fifty other men," who rallied the Greeks when they wavered.

A NEGRO'S HIGH OFFICE

January the first was a red letter day for Robert Burrell, for on that day the Negro lawyer took office as Assistant District Attorney for Erie County in New York State. Mr Burrell, the third generation of his family to become a graduate of Howard University, is the first member of his race to hold such an office in the State.

YOUR SENSITIVE EYES

When there is no moon the combined light that all the stars together could shed on this page of the C N would be only a 10,000th part of that afforded by a small candle a foot away.

This, as Mr J. S. Kerr has been pointing out to the Society of Arts, is only a 100-millionth of that which the summer sun would give, and the contrast affords an example of the wonderful adaptability of our eyes to such varied conditions of lighting. Mr Kerr also observed that, like birds, we see most or see best with averted eyes out of the rim of the retina, that marvellous lens which has no fewer than 500 sensitive points sending messages of light to the brain.

THE MEDALS

The home of Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Smith having received a direct hit during a Bristol air raid last year, the veteran was troubled only because he had lost his three medals, among them a Mons Star. Now the medals have been returned to him. A member of a demolition squad came upon them among bricks and mortar. "What does it matter?" asks Colonel Smith, "if my house has gone, so long as I have my medals?"

MEET THE JEEP

Our American friends can be trusted to find nicknames for the implements they are making for defence, and the latest is the Jeep.

The Jeep is the miniature tank, of which the U S forces are being equipped with 75,000. It is about the size of a family car, weighs a ton and a half, is registered as 60 h.p. and has survived various other pet names, such as jitterbug, beetle bug, and blitz buggy. If one were to ask a U S soldier why this man-of-all-work among tanks was called a Jeep he would probably reply that it was because it was the father of a Peep, the peep being the bantam military car.

FROM A SECRET PRESS

It was not long before the New Order began to show its real face: acute misery, children crying for bread, prisoners dying from bad treatment, the Gestapo everywhere, farms ransacked, shops emptied, an entire population in slavery. New Order has now become a curse word used when missing a tram or someone steps on your toe.

La Libre Belgique, one of the 40 underground newspapers in Belgium.

THE GUIDES PREPARE

Numerous boys and girls must have wondered how they can help the war effort.

Registration of boys of 17 to 18 took place last Saturday and many of those who are not already members of various youth organisations will soon be called for interviews, when they will be given official advice. The 16-17 group may have to register this month, after which the registration of girls will begin.

Meanwhile the Girl Guides have devised a training for girls between 14 and 20 who wish to prepare for the various women's services and branches of Civil Defence. Apart from a general training, attention is given to special subjects of use to the various Services. Guides passing the General Test are awarded an armlet, with stripes according to the special work undertaken.



Little people of a Surrey school wearing fur caps and woollies sent from America



War Workers—a fine team engaged in hauling timber on Lord Bingley's estate at Bramham in Yorkshire

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



THE SCHOOL SHIP

THE British Ship Adoption Society has held its annual meeting, from which we gather that the sympathy between Schools and Ships is growing apace. It is an admirable plan and it is good to know that it grows. More than a hundred schools have adopted ships since the war began.

The C.N. hopes that in the reconstruction when the war is over we shall learn much from such a movement as this. The President of the Board of Education, Mr R. A. Butler, is chairman of the society, and we beg him to consider whether it will not be worth while to extend the education of our boys far and wide across the sea when the Better Time comes. We have said before that we should like to see School Ships on the seas with 1000 boys on board, seeing the world and studying the Empire as part of their education. There is no reason why it should not be; there could be no better travel lesson, no better training for the citizens of the world.

A Prayer for Nine p.m.

LORD, bring Thy mighty power to bear

Upon this stricken world:
And grant that we may soon behold

The flag of Peace unfurled.

In this dark hour of fear and strife

We do Thy mercy seek:
O listen and deliver us:
Lord, to Thy people speak!

M. H. Eaton

The Hawk and the Mouse

WE have been much interested to receive this natural history note from an old Australian friend of the C.N. at Shepperton in Victoria.

A hawk had been seen to hover and then to dive into a dense crop of oats three or four feet deep. After about 20 seconds it rose with a mouse in its claws. The bird's mate met the hawk in the air, received the mouse into its own claws, and hurried away to a high tree, where no doubt several young ones awaited its arrival.

Eire on the Left

IN these days of the World War General Franco must often have wondered how to entertain the various ambassadors in Madrid, and the solution has been to hold two separate receptions. At one there were present the representatives of the Axis Powers, Sweden, Denmark, some South American Republics, and —Eire. At the other appeared the United States, Great Britain, France, Egypt, Turkey, Switzerland, and the rest of the South American States.

An interesting point for us (and surely for Mr de Valera, too) is that Eire is included in the same gathering as the Axis Powers. Having won her freedom, *there she stands.*

The Cost of Killing a Man

IN the wars of the Caesars it cost about 4s to kill a man; in Napoleon's wars it cost £1000; in the Great War the price rose to £4000, and prices are still rising. In this war it is estimated that it will cost £10,000 for each soldier killed.

We do not know the basis of these estimates (which Miss Ruth Fry has made), but there is no doubt about the rising cost of war. The cost is the least part of the matter; it is the loss of life that is the real price, and the manufacture of misery for the living that goes with it and follows it.

An Unfriendly Act

IT will surely be remembered as an unfriendly act that the House of Commons refused to agree to Mr Churchill's desire that his great speech on the war should be broadcast to the nation and the world.

The fact that all the little speeches in Parliament, and all the petty questions, cannot be broadcast has nothing to do with it. It is one of the soundest ideas to broadcast the Prime Minister, so doing two fine things at once: saving Mr Churchill a great physical labour in repeating his speech, and giving the nation and the world the immense inspiration of hearing him at his best.

It seems to us a churlish thing that the House of Commons has done.

THE DEAR OLD BOY

GOING to see the Rembrandt recently exhibited in the National Gallery, a correspondent was set wondering what are the circumstances, the mood, which produce the expressions an artist fixes for us in his portraits.

Some faces in repose are listless, some melancholy; some are uninteresting through lack of animation, and need the stimulus of merriment, of interesting talk, to bring the features to life. Our correspondent tells us that, when painting his magnificent portrait of Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci, anxious to dispel her habitual look of sadness, had clowns to amuse and minstrels to charm her into the smile which for more than four centuries has bewitched the world. Chantrey, when modelling a bust of Sir Walter Scott, stipulated that Scott should always breakfast with him before the sittings, and that he should bring with him three companions, all of whom must be good talkers.

We remember that when the aged Cardinal Newman went for a sitting to Sir John Millais the artist startled the attendant priests by saying, as he pointed to a chair on the dais, "Oh, Your Eminence, on that eminence, please," and then, as the Cardinal still hesitated, finally burst out, "Come, jump up, you dear old boy!"

Old Ladies Beat Old Gentlemen

FOR many years Mr C. B. Gabb has collected, from the Deaths column of The Times, particulars of British old age, and the record shows to what a remarkable degree the number of old ladies in our country exceeds the number of old gentlemen.

Last year the deaths of 421 persons of 90 and over were advertised, and of these 301 were women and only 120 men. In the last 27 years 11,115 persons died over 90, and the great majority were women. The commonly accepted view is that women live more sheltered lives and are not exposed so much to the adverse circumstances which affect many men.

Not the least interesting of the old ladies who died last year was Miss Alice Frederica Perceval, a granddaughter of Mr Spencer Perceval, who in 1812 was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was the only British Prime Minister to perish at the hands of an assassin. One night last year a bomb blew out the window of Miss Perceval's room, and her only comment was that she "did not like the noise." She died at 105. We may also record of Mrs Ellen Fletcher, who died aged 108 in the Queen's Road Homes, Croydon, that when a bomb struck the Homes last year she remarked, "Napoleon could not frighten my mother, and this young fellow Hitler is not going to frighten me!"

JUST AN IDEA

Even in this great age our boasted inventions may seem trivial to posterity, but our characters, our longings, our uprisings from defeat, our struggles for a nobler life—these will have a vital meaning.



New Guinea Bugler

The Japanese have brought New Guinea into the war news. In the years that Australia has held the mandate of the League of Nations many schools have been provided for the natives; and here is a boy bugler of a school not far from Rabaul, the capital, on the island of New Britain

TRIALS OF A TELESCOPE

EVEN after four years of cutting and grinding the 200-inch mirror of the mighty Mount Palomar telescope the patient astronomers of California are still at it.

The impatient world outside is asking when it will open its revealing eye on stars and universes yet unknown in farthest space, and to that Mr J. A. Anderson, who took the work in hand 26 years ago, before the huge glass disc was poured into its mould, replies that he cannot tell. It may be months, it may be a year, it may be longer.

The reason is that the latest stages, the "figuring" of the hollowed glass surface of the mirror, are the hardest part of the task, because every pinpoint of the disc has to be correct in place and depth to the millionth of an inch.

There has never been any plane sailing in hollowing the huge

saucer. Five-ton tools cut out four tons of glass; 12-inch tools ground out the principal curves; two-inch tools rubbed them down with emery and sand; and now the polishing has been done with watchmaker's rouge, 50 lbs of it used every hour.

But the "figuring" is the finest work of all, because it has to remedy and put right all the tricks the glass has tried on the polishers; the microscopic hollows, the unaccountable cracks that have appeared on its face; and no one can predict when and how and why they come. But the task will be completed. The new eye will gaze on new universes, make no doubt about that.

It is strange to think that this great eye was planned before the United States entered the last War. It will, we hope, look on the triumphant end they will make of this one.

Save the Birds and Help the Harvest

SPRING will soon be here and the birds will be building their nests. With the need for every ounce of food that can be grown there must be no wanton destruction of nests and eggs this year, for birds feed on the insects which destroy our crops.

To encourage children to obtain a fuller knowledge of birds and their habits the Society for the Protection of Birds organises a Bird and Tree Challenge Shield Competition, and is this year specially anxious that teachers

of evacuee children should bring them into it. Teachers, inspectors, and others who have been associated with the scheme all agree that it is a most successful way of giving knowledge and pleasure to children, opening their eyes and awakening their sympathies, and so ensuring their aid in preserving the wild bird friends of the farmer and gardener.

Write for an entry form and particulars to the Director, Bird and Tree Competition, 82 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

Under the Editor's Table

SOME men dislike change. A QUICK reader soon gets through
Prefer pound notes. a book. In a tearing hurry.

A DOCTOR says you can take it from him that influenza has been beaten. But we don't want to take it from anybody.

RUBBER has become a munition of war. To rub out the Nazis.

THERE have been many quarrels between German and Italian airmen. They fly out at each other, in fact.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If motorists ever get run down

THE ATS are drawn from a cross section of the nation, we hear. Yet we always find them good-tempered.

OVER 7000 umbrellas were taken to the Lost Property Office not long ago. And put up for sale.

SOME politicians want to put back the clock. Others are keeping a watch.

CAN WE BE HAPPY WITHOUT BEER?

A Study in Official Papers

THE DOCTORS AND THE MOI MAN

It is one of the mysteries beyond our understanding that Drink will keep creeping in. Nothing else, we suppose, has so much free advertisement on the B.B.C., and now we find His Majesty's Stationery Office giving publicity to the cynical sneers at those who can manage to go through life without alcohol. It is in one of the Ministry of Information's publications, dealing with Iceland, that we find this remarkable sentence:

It may be argued, of course, that life can be supported without beer, and melancholy experience proves that such an existence is indeed not impossible.

It seems to us that it is at least some generations out-of-date to suggest that life without beer is a melancholy thing.

What the Doctors Say

We have not found it so. Neither, we think, does General Smuts, or Mr Peter Fraser, or Mr Mackenzie King, or Lord Bennett, or any other of our Empire Prime Ministers. Nor did King George or Lord Kitchener during the last war. Those who know most about beer would indeed be inclined to say that it is a truly melancholy factor in our national life. Perhaps we may use the occasion to ask our readers to turn to another State paper on the subject in which the whole question of beer and its melancholy companions is subjected to close scrutiny by those who know well what they are writing about.

As the public pays for both these papers it is well that the public should see what is in them both, and in these days of heavy road casualties it is important that we should all know what this official publication says on the melancholy subject of Beer and the Road.

The State publication we are quoting from is that in which the British Medical Research Council strongly attacks the use of alcohol, entitled "Alcohol: Its Action on the Human Organism."

Popular Fallacies

The report is published by the Stationery Office, and amounts to an exposure of popular fallacies which might well be borne in mind by those responsible for social welfare, and not least by the Government, which still allows "Wet Canteens" to encourage drinking among women and girls working in arms factories far from their homes. The popular delusions on the subject of

alcohol, and the advertising of the drink trade, are drastically dealt with in this expert judgment.

It is shown how serious is the effect of alcohol on the driver of a motor vehicle. These scientists declare that even when a man shows no sign whatever of intoxication, and is not drunk in the legal sense, he may yet be so much affected by a single drink as to be deprived of his normal judgment and self-control. Even half a tumbler of mild beer has been shown to have marked effects. Without being aware of it, a driver after taking alcohol unconsciously travels faster.

Beer and the Road

When an emergency arises on the road the drinker is apt to swerve instead of putting on the brakes. The motorist should, therefore, beware of taking alcohol in the belief that it helps him to withstand fatigue or exposure. Many a man who has "a drink before he goes" has cause to regret his fond belief that he is doing something to keep the cold out. He is certainly not.

It is shown that hospitals are steadily reducing the use of alcohol; some clinics refuse to use it. It does not act as a specific cure for any disease. Even in fainting cases, "there is no reason to suppose that alcohol does the patient any good." The supposition that alcohol stimulates the action of a failing heart has no basis in fact. Further, it is not a protection against infection. In pneumonia it is "always bad."

One Delusion Gone

Interested persons have spread the belief that alcohol is a valuable source of vitamins, but this Report disposes of this delusion in these words: "Alcoholic beverages are not sources of the known vitamins." It is surely time that the use of the word vitamin was prohibited in food and drug advertisements, and in no place is its use less justified than in relation to alcohol.

A very remarkable and valuable document is this report of the doctors. It may be summed up by saying that it proves that alcohol is not good for human beings in any form.

We do not gather from this substantial document (the most exhaustive official consideration of alcohol on record) that life without beer is so melancholy as the clever writer of the MOI would have us believe.

CARRY ON

Fifty Poets Who Died For Us

Here is the third collection of extracts from the work of the poets who gave their lives for freedom in the Great War. More will be given on this page next week.

BRIAN BROOKE of Aberdeen had settled in East Africa while in his teens, and was well established there as a leader of men when the war broke out. He was of the type of men who have spread the boundaries of the Empire firmly by bravery, uprightness, and steadfast wisdom, and was popular with the natives. The news that his brother had been killed in Flanders brought him home, and he went out to France. This is one of the verses he wrote before he fell in action in 1916:

But the things I love in nature are
the height, the depth, the length
Of the mountains and the ocean
and the plain,
All the things that tell so
wondrously the magnitude and
strength
Of the hand that made the things
which will remain.

THERE died on our battlefields in France, also, leading his men when he fell, the American Alan Seeger, who wrote of the men who had put profit-making behind them that now
With bayonets bare and flags unfurled,
They scale the summits of the world
And fade on the farthest golden height
In fair horizons full of light;
and Ivar Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's grandson, who saw in the joyous spring the idea of earth giving back minstrelsy to God, and left us among his poems a quiet song: *Peace, God's own peace, This it is I bring you;* and Andrew John Stuart, who wrote of our debt to our seamen:

Safe the corn to the farmyard taken;
Grain ships safe upon all the seas;
Homes in peace and a faith unshaken:
Sailor, what do we owe for these?
and Karle Wilson Baker, the American, who thought we had all made our God too small and left this powerful verse behind:
What was it He said so long ago
(The Young Man who outgrew the Jewish God)?
Not a sparrow falleth? Ah, God, God,
And there shall fall a million murdered men!

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE fought in Serbia, on Gallipoli, and fell in Flanders. He longed to be back home to hear the blackbirds sing once more, and wrote of his Mother Ireland:

God made my mother on an April day
From sorrow and the mist along the sea,
Lost birds' and wanderers' songs
and ocean spray . . .

EWART ALAN MACKINTOSH won a scholarship at St Paul's School, and went to Oxford as a classical scholar. He came home wounded and was sent to train cadets, but the thought of France and the men he had left out there was strong within him, and he wrote:

The dead men's voices are calling, calling,
And I must rise and go.

He went back. It was in the autumn of 1917, and in a month he could look his dead friends in the face again, for he was with them.

CHARLES MASEFIELD, a Repton boy who loved Nature and books most of all, was deeply moved by the thought that England had let the noble and the precious go in the race for wealth, "For all else dies but what is beautiful," and he wrote:

Ye have your gains,
Your transient gains; ah, hug them to you fast,
For after all your toilings and your pains
Shall come a day to fling them wide at last.

LIEUTENANT MARRIOTT-WATSON, who fell with the Irish Rifles, was the son of a well-known essayist and critic, and himself a poet, who wrote after a bullet had gone whizzing by:

For some go early, and some go late.
(A dying scream on the evening air.)
And who is there that believes in Fate
As a soul goes out in the sunset flare?

WILFRED OWEN, a Shropshire lad of 21 when the Great War began, was up to his last

day on the Western Front thinking out a volume of poems, in which surely this verse must have come, suggested by the sight of a fallen comrade:

Move him into the sun:
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

REGINALD FRESTON, a Dulwich College boy who went to Oxford, went with a brave heart to the war, yet with an infinite longing to come back, for he had much to do:

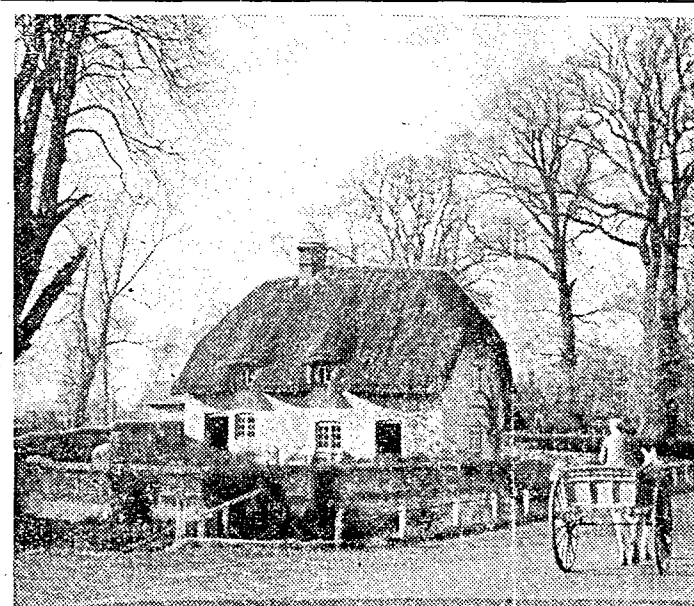
Yet oft-times to me there cometh one,
With sorrow in his eyes, whom half I know:
Who loved to paint the flowers and the sun
In gentle language musically slow:
Who grieves to leave his life-work scarce begun,
Who hoped so much, but now must turn and go.

FRANCIS ST VINCENT MORRIS was a parson's son from Derbyshire, who died for us at 21, in the Royal Flying Corps. It was in the spring of 1917 that this young poet in the spring of life went out, and when the April showers were falling, and the daffodils were nodding their heads, his plane came down at Vimy Ridge. To the home of a comrade which had been saddened by the war he wrote:

Comfort, sad heart! Beyond the little grave
Rests an immortal soul in God's repose.
Others he saved, himself he could not save:
This was the task he chose.

JEFFERY DAY, a flight-commander who paid with his life for attacking six enemy planes alone, wrote one of the first poems by a flying man, in which he declared that on coming down to earth

The scattered hues and shades of green and brown
Fashion themselves into the land I know.



THIS ENGLAND

A peaceful corner of the Oxfordshire countryside near Watlington

First Englishman to Sail the Pacific

IT was Drake who first sailed round the world, but it was one of his men who first sailed the Pacific.

John Oxenham, son of a South Devon family, was with Drake at the Darien Isthmus, and climbed after him into the tree from which Drake first saw the great ocean, and afterwards, while Drake was busy in Ireland, Oxenham himself set sail in a little ship of 120 tons with a crew of 70 men to cross the Atlantic again.

Reaching Darien once more, John Oxenham hid his vessel in a tree-shaded creek, and set out with his men on foot, guided by six natives. On reaching a river which obviously emptied into the Pacific, they cut down trees and built a pinnace 45 feet long, and in it descended the river and reached the ocean, so becoming of all Englishmen

*The first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.*

He steered out into the ocean and reached what was called Pearl Island, said to be 25 leagues from Panama, where he lay waiting for ten days, and then captured two Spanish treasure ships, whose captains were astounded at finding Englishmen in that forbidden sea.

The events which followed stir the imagination. With a humanity that must have seemed insanity to his Spanish foes,

Oxenham not only permitted his prisoners to remain on board their ships, but, taking them with him as far as the entrance to the river by which he had sailed out, he liberated them there, free to communicate with garrisons ashore. Red Indians had already carried news of the new arrivals and their doings to the Spaniards, and a strong pursuit expedition set out on ships in quest.

The treasure-ships abandoned by the English were still on the scene to indicate the river by which Oxenham had retired. Of three channels leading into the ocean the Spaniards chose the middle and widest. Even so they were not sure that they were on the right course till down the stream there floated a great number of feathers which the Englishmen, higher up the river, had plucked from fowls. That was conclusive evidence, and the stream was followed. The Spaniards discovered and surprised the little expedition in their hiding-place, and the English were divided and mastered by overwhelming numbers, most of them being killed in battle or executed on the spot.

John Oxenham, his master mariner, and his pilot were sent to Lima and publicly hanged. So ended the first English voyage into the Pacific Ocean, which has now become the troubled ocean of the world.

OLD WAYS IN NEW CHINA

THE Burma Road, great highway though it has become, is not the only one that leads to General Chiang Kai-shek. From his headquarters at Chungking ten "national-stages" radiate to the remotest parts of 13 provinces of his new Chinese Empire, by roads, footpaths, and waterways. These links, which are the same as those described by Marco Polo in his Travels, cover more than 90,000 miles.

Dr Wellington Koo, who has just been describing the new China within old China, notes also the many ways and vehicles of travel about it. They range from Sedan-chairs to aeroplanes. There are wheelbarrows and bamboo carrying-poles, the camel from Inner Mongolia, the horse from Chinese Turkestan, the mule from Szechwan, the pony of Yunnan, and the yak of Changtang. Young China has adopted them all.

SALVAGE Your Country Needs It

A lady has recently complained that her little boy, taking the salvage appeals to heart, had been tearing the paper off the walls of his room. This was going too far, she thought, and we must agree with her.

It is quite true that all of us would be willing to strip our homes bare if that were necessary to beat Hitler, well knowing that his hordes would strip them bare had they half a chance. But fortunately it is not necessary to take such drastic steps. The Government is not asking for the paper from our walls; it is not asking us to throw out our Family Bible; it is not asking us to give up that newly-won prize, nor is it asking schoolboys to discard their arithmetic books (much as some of them would welcome the chance to make such a sacrifice).

The Unsung Song

What we are asked to do is to give up all the old papers, all the newspapers, all the periodicals, all the unsung songs, all the old letters and envelopes, and all the old books we no longer need. We are asked to burn none of these things, and also to make sure that we do not harbour, in corner or in attic, in cupboard or in drawer, in bookcase or shelf, a single scrap of paper or a single book that is not vital to us; for it is vital to the country.

And in assessing the value of such things remember the cause, and keep your own needs to a minimum. Remember that other people throughout the land are giving up much that they cherish. The boys who took their collections of cigarette pictures to the salvage offices, the MP who gave up his set of Waverley novels (the much-prized bargain of his youth), the actress who parted with her treasured play-bills—they would not let their country appeal in vain. Will you?

Our need of paper is urgent and vital. When this war is over we can all hoard books and papers to our heart's content; meanwhile, it is all wanted—for munitions. Remember that a patriot and his waste-paper are soon parted, and have a big heap ready when the salvage men call.

These Three

We wonder whether any parish in England can equal a record which comes from the small Suffolk village of Barsham, near Beccles.

The three leading officials of Holy Trinity Church have lately reached the age of 80 and are still in active service.

The churchwarden, Mr Preston Larkman, who was born in 1861, still goes to Beccles twice a day to carry out his duties as a solicitor; he has been Registrar of Beccles and Bungay County Court for many years, and Mayor of Beccles. The rector, Canon Baron-Suckling, who is 80, is one of the most active members of Wainford Rural District Council. Mr Samuel Fiske, the organist, was born in 1862. He joined the choir in 1870 and has been organist since 1887.

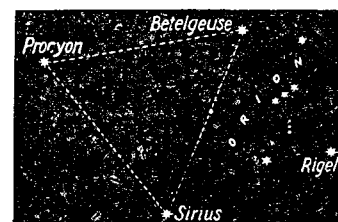
The Great Celestial Triangle

SIRIUS, PROCYON, AND OUR SUN

IN ancient times, writes the C.N. Astronomer, the stars were regarded as being all at very much the same distance away and as symbolical and mysterious lights spread over a vast dome, which revolved round the Earth, and within which the wandering lights, the planets, revolved. It was assumed that these were placed thus for human use and benefit, and so came about all the absurdities and erroneous claims of *astrology*, as distinct from the proved facts and grand truths of *astronomy*.

The speculations and imaginings of the ancients are not surprising in view of the little they actually knew of what did exist. We know from our own experience that the unaided eye can give no evidence even as to the relative distances of the stars, and though we regard the fainter stars as being generally the most distant, this is by no means always the case.

A splendid example of how appearances deceive can now be



The brilliant evening stars of the south-east sky, and how to identify Procyon

seen in the south-east sky in the evening, where the grand array of brilliant luminaries indicated by our star-map may be readily identified.

First in apparent brilliance is Sirius at the southern apex of a great triangle formed by the other stars, Procyon and Betelgeuse; when Rigel is included a vast celestial diamond is outlined. These, together with the brilliant stars of Orion, might be all at very much the same distance, apparently, but while Sirius and Procyon are comparatively near neighbours of our Sun the others are relatively remote.

Sirius, at a distance 556,950 times farther away than our Sun, is the nearest to us, and is in fact the nearest *star* visible to us, here in Britain, though the *planets*, such as Jupiter, which is only 5 times farther away than the Sun at the present time, are very much nearer to us. Procyon is about 696,000 times farther than our Sun; Betelgeuse comes next at a distance 12,088,390 times; but Rigel is about 34,466,470 times

farther than our Sun, and so over 60 times farther from us than is Sirius. All the bright stars of Orion, except Betelgeuse, approximate to the distance of Rigel, that is between 500 and 600 light-years' journey, whereas from Jupiter, the brilliant planet appearing between Orion and overhead, light takes barely 45 minutes to reach us at the present time.

We see, therefore, why Sirius and Procyon are regarded as our Sun's neighbours notwithstanding what appears to be their great distance, and it is these stars, together with our Sun, that form the great stellar triangle. These, with the twin stars of Alpha Centauri and a few lesser luminaries, compose a cluster of stars far removed from the vast Orion Cluster and quite distinct in both character and age.

Moreover, Sirius and Procyon, together with the stars of Alpha Centauri, are much nearer to the size of our Sun than are the giants of Orion, Sirius being rather less than twice the width of our Sun, though radiating 26½ times more light on account of his greater surface heat and brilliance. Procyon, though rather more than twice the width of our Sun, and therefore a larger sun than Sirius, radiates only about 5½ times more light than our Sun; this is because his surface is less brilliant and at a temperature much nearer to that of our Sun.

A Star Like Our Sun

As regards the two stars of Alpha Centauri, which are but 272,150 times farther away than our Sun, one is almost exactly similar to him, both in size and character, while the other has a much less brilliant surface and radiates only about one-third the amount of light; though it is actually a somewhat larger sun. These twin stars of Alpha Centauri can only be seen from more southern latitudes than Britain, where they appear as a single star, excelled in apparent brilliance only by Sirius and the super-giant Canopus. G. F. M.

THANKS TO A BEETLE

THERE are many strange memorials, but few stranger can there be than one seen in the little village of Enterprise in the State of Alabama. In the village square on the top of a huge stone block is the figure of a boll weevil.

It looks like a beetle and belongs to that species with its little fat body end protruding, and all over the cotton-growing country of Alabama it is usually regarded as a pest; yet this memorial is intended to be a tribute to it.

In the southern States of America the people are mainly dependent on the cotton crop for their living. When there is no cotton there is no cash, and when there is no cash poverty begins at home. The cause of all this constant disaster was usually the boll weevil. Multitudes of his kind were busily at work eating up the cotton crop, and whatever the cotton growers did to stop him the weevil some-

how managed to beat them. He loved eating cotton. This made the cotton growers think. How could they beat the weevil? Very slowly they came to see that the best way was to grow crops which the weevil couldn't eat.

So they went in for poultry farming, and kept cows and reared pigs. Instead of putting all their faith and hope in one crop of cotton they learned the secret of having many crops and many methods of living.

In the 13 southern States of America there are 16 million farmers. Fully half of them have depended on cotton, so that the fortunes of more than two million families go up and down with the fortunes of King Cotton.

Thanks to the ravenous little boll weevil more and more farmers are learning about more varied crops, and the statue in the village of Enterprise is a reminder of the lessons which the people there have learned out of their misfortunes.

BEDTIME

DO GOOD

DO all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

Is This Your Name?

CAN you spell a boy's name with these letters?
L O N I C.

Colin



A Tale Before Bedtime

CORNER

The Robin and the Sparrow

IN the depth of winter, when snow lay on the ground, a robin perched on a twig sang a cheerful song.

"Vain creature," exclaimed a jealous sparrow, "why do you sing? Do you think you can rival the glorious birds of spring—the thrush, the nightingale, and the lark?"

"No," answered the modest robin; "but while I can never hope to sing like them, I can try to cheer the world by doing my best. I sing because I feel glad."

PRAYER

LORD, be with us all this night. As Thou lovest us, may we all love Thee, and may we be kind to each other and thoughtful for all about us. Save us from impatience and complaining, and grant that we may bear our troubles bravely and look forward with hope and good courage to the years that are coming. Amen

The New Age of Myth and Marvel

THE ancients who believed in many gods would not find the world so strange if they came back to it today.

In the East the Japanese swear by an emperor whom they believe to be the divine descendant of the Goddess of the Sun. In Germany the natives bow to Hitler, not only as law-giver and military commander, but as the mystic embodiment of the conscience of every man, woman, and child of German birth throughout the world.

The Mikado is a divinity to his subjects; Hitler is a deity to his bemused Nazis and their slaves. The Mikado is not only the nominal ruler of his nation, but the high priest of Shintoism, the official Japanese religion, and his ancestress is said to have come down from one of the gods who began the work of Creation.

Hitler labours under the slight disadvantage of having no named god or goddesses among his ancestors, but he will doubtless find one if he has time; as it is, he tells us that he has "intuitions," born of knowledge springing from his inner consciousness, and enabling him, we are to suppose, to take decisions instantly and infallibly.

In the same way the Italian people are under compulsion to believe that Hitler's puppet Mussolini, with superhuman gifts, is always right. But up to now Mussolini does not demand the worship of his dupes; the Nazis do worship their master, bowing to his image in their houses as in pagan days the ancients bowed to wooden idols.

So we need have no doubt that the ancients would feel at home amid the ideas of the New Barbarians. A host of the

heroes and heroines of Homer were gods and goddesses to them, with the deities themselves taking part in battles. The Romans worshipped altars set up to their emperors as gods, and when, following the murder of Julius Caesar, a comet appeared for seven nights, they thought it was his spirit and set up a temple in its honour.

They believed their rulers to be inspired by something like Hitler's intuitions, intimations from the gods delivered to them by Oracles and Augurs. The Oracles, which were answers to questions put in the temples of the gods, were as cunningly phrased as a German communiqué, capable of two meanings, so that whatever happened they might seem right.

In the end the impostors of the temples found, as Hitler is destined to find, that though you may fool some of the people all the time, the hour comes when the people will find you out. But here, in Adolf Schicklgruber's mad world, is a revival of the myths and magic of the ancient rubbish heap. We are back to the ignorance, credulity, and gullibility of the Dark Ages of the world.

Floating Concrete

It has been reported that the Nazis are building invasion-barges of concrete in the Mediterranean. During the last war America literally "poured out" ships when she was helping us to fight and win the first Battle of the Atlantic. Over forty concrete cargo vessels were launched from United States shipyards during the effort to make good the enormous shipping losses at the height of the U-boat campaign.

They were freaks, of course, a wartime expedient designed solely to save steel and time. They suffered from the obvious weakness that they were very liable to crack under the ordinary stress and strain to which ocean-going vessels are subject, and

most of them had a short life. Some managed to survive, however, and one is still at a peaceful and useful anchorage as a floating fish-oil factory. Another was in the coastal trade until she caught fire in 1937, and a third was used as an oil tanker up to ten years ago.

Once more there is urgent need to save steel and time, and the Maritime Commission of America has ordered the construction of 15 concrete barges, which will be towed in coastal traffic. They are 350 feet long, and compared with steel barges of a similar size they take only a sixth of the amount of steel, cost half as much, and, most important of all, need only a third of the time to build.

The Buried Treasure of Arizona

ONE day, perhaps as long ago as 5000 years, a vast meteor flashed across the sky over North-West Canada, the Dakotas, and Colorado. It hit the earth in Arizona, and evidence of its arrival can be seen to this day near Canyon Diablo, where there is a great crater nearly a mile across and 370 feet deep, with its rim 120 feet above the surrounding country.

War's demand for more metal has brought the crater and what lies beneath it into the news. Meteor fragments discovered close by have been found to consist of 92 per cent iron, more than seven per cent nickel, and some iridium and platinum.

Research has established the position and size of the meteor as it came to rest about 1200 feet beneath the Arizona Desert. It is estimated that it consists of ten million tons of metal, of which nearly 800,000 tons is nickel, and nickel is very much needed for munitions. The total value of metal may be anything between 200 and 400 million pounds, including platinum and iridium worth £25,000,000.

The evidence is strong for the presence of this rich underground treasure, but some mining engineers consider that underground streams of the Little Colorado River will make mining operations very difficult.

ABOUT TIN

Tin is by way of being a rare metal. The world's tin mines produce meagrely, and only the comparatively small call for the metal keeps its price down; it is always dear. Even in a year of good trade, such as 1929, our imports of tin were only 14,699 tons. Tin in that year from our own ores amounted to only 3000 tons; so we see how dependent we are for tin upon imports.

The biggest producer of tin is British Malaya; in 1929 the peninsula produced about 100,000 tons. This is by far the greater part of the whole world's output, so we can understand how serious the effect of the Japanese invasion is upon the world's tin trade and upon the factories using tin for any purpose. Chief among these is the canning trade; the cans are made from sheets of iron or steel coated with tin to prevent rusting.

DIEHARDS AND OPTIMISTS

We take this from a letter written in Norway to a friend in U.S.A.

The fair summer with its blossoms and night lights is past. The night is dark and cold, and there is a chill in our hearts. There is no more sun, and our cares increase.

The fact that we must do with somewhat less food for a while and must rearrange our habits plays a minor role. It is the compulsion and terror of war which are abhorrent to us unbending Norsemen. It is so entirely out of harmony with the spiritual freedom and ideals which have been the driving force in the Northern countries.

We are learning to adjust our habits of living in many ways, and are learning to live from day to day, and to be thankful for each day we meet with our dear ones and have food to eat. Our wireless was taken from us, and we miss it dreadfully. It beautified our existence so much, especially during these long dark evenings.

One day the spring sun will return to melt the last snow and ice, and with the sun comes spring, summer, and the return of the glorious light summer nights to our beloved little land. Despite all, we are tough diehards and optimists.

BIRTH OF A LIBYAN SANDSTORM

A correspondent in Egypt tells us that among the reasons for the severity of this season's duststorms in Libya are that much of the area has been laid bare by the absence of the usual population of native cultivators, while the extensive military operations have ploughed up wide stretches of hard desert surface.

Colonel R. A. Bagnold has described how a sandstorm is born. A wind of a certain strength lifts up grains of a certain size, causes them to rise in the air, and carries them a short way. They fall, but, being of quartz, and thus elastic, they either bounce up again on hard ground or, if they fall on soft sand, splash up a small cloud of it which is also carried onward.

In such ways the cloud becomes bigger, and the stronger the wind the higher it rises.

Immortality in the News

TRUTH, as told by Dr A. H. Ebeling, about the famous Carrel chicken is stranger than the many fictions which have been spread about it.

It has been said, for example, that the heart of this chicken has gone on beating for just on 30 years, since Professor Carrel first preserved it at his New York laboratory. Dr Ebeling, who took charge of this precious bit of life two years ago and removed it to the Lederle Laboratory, New York, where it still carries on, showing no signs of giving up, agrees that it can be kept alive indefinitely, and so is in a sense immortal. But it never was a chicken, or even the heart of one; it was a fragment of a chicken taken from the inside of an egg that was never hatched!

The fragment was placed in a sort of liquid broth which contained exactly the right nutriment to nourish it, and which was Professor Carrel's

own device. The experiment was successful. The speck of life continued alive, and is alive today. It is kept in a vita-glass vessel, about the size of an old-fashioned turnip watch, with a handle to it, and looking like a miniature warming pan. Through the handle nutriment is carried to the speck of life within, and from it is withdrawn, as the speck grows, bits of the growth that are unnecessary.

If all the bits removed in the last 30 years had been sustained in the same way as the parent speck, which doubles in size every 48 hours, the vita-glass vessel would have burst long ago, for at this rate of multiplication the specks of life would have filled a globe the size of the earth—or many earths!

Is not this a more wonderful story (and a true one) than that about the mythical chicken's heart which has gone on beating for 30 years?

Remember these Important Facts about Ovaltine



1 Ovaltine itself contains Milk

Milk of the highest quality and purity, standardised by the famous 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd, is an important constituent of 'Ovaltine.' Thus, if liquid milk is not available, you can make your 'Ovaltine' with water only, or with dried milk or condensed milk.

2 Makes Milk go Further

When made with milk, 'Ovaltine' not only reinforces the natural food properties of the added milk, but also contributes additional and valuable nutritive elements. Among these are lecithin (organic phosphorus) to build up the nerves, maltose and other carbo-hydrates for energy, mineral salts and other health-giving elements.

3 Makes Milk more Digestible

'Ovaltine' actually improves the digestibility of milk, so that you derive the utmost benefit from it. The special properties of 'Ovaltine' break down the milk curd, thus making it completely and readily digestible.

IMPORTANT

'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' can be eaten dry if desired. It is important to note that in whatever form you take 'Ovaltine,' you benefit from the milk which is already in it, as well as from its other well-known nutritive properties.

Travellers

TEACHER: Why do elephants have such big trunks?

Boy: Well, sir, they have to come all the way from India.

MISSING VOWELS

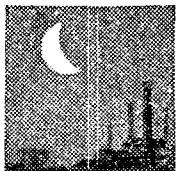
HERE is a verse from which all the vowels have been taken. Can you reconstruct the verse by filling in the vowels? One vowel occurs 46 times.

HNLDTWRSTHGLMYWL
THLVSTTHTHLVSTTHWL
RNLDKSYRHLLWTN
SLSTSSLMNSNDLN
SMRNLNLLVSTG
RFYRHTNGHWLSTKNW

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, February 9.



The Three Voices

GEORGE MEREDITH, the great novelist, one day went to sleep in a lane. When he woke up he heard the three beautiful daughters of a noble house talking thus.

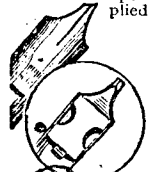
The first said, "My lover must be a great soldier, and conquer the world with his sword!"

"And mine must be a great thinker, and win the hearts of men with his pen," said the second.

And the third, and most beautiful and wilful of them all, said, "And my lover must be strong enough not to stand my nonsense!"

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.



THE INQUEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

High-class stationers stock — or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.



SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.' 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE BRANT TUB

Shanty Clear

O how selfish are the shellfish when they gobble up the sand!
O how dwarfish are the crawfish when they sit and twit the land!

But I much admire the salmon When it turns its back on Mammon,
And bumbles to the rivers and the streams before it's canned,
"What a slim pet is the limpet when you hold its little hand!"

If the winkle would not crinkle when it strikes the lobster's trail,
And the whiting ceased from biting at its frisky whiskered tail,
I am sure the lordly bloater Would not whistle for a motor
As it hurries by the flurries of the pale, perspiring whale,

With its accident insurance and its little spade and pail.

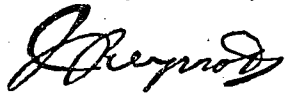
Jacko Gets to Work



JACKO thought he'd help his mother by polishing the hall floor for her. He polished and polished till the boards shone like glass. It felt like glass too! Adolphus, coming in with a rush, put one foot on the doormat — and shot right across the hall, from one end to another!

How Sir Joshua Reynolds Wrote His Name

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, born in 1723, was the greatest of English portrait painters, ranked by Ruskin among the "seven supreme colourists." In 1768 he was elected first President of the Royal Academy, and



was knighted the following year. His noble disposition won him many friends. In 1789 his eyesight failed suddenly, and he died three years later. He is buried in St Paul's.

WHAT IS WRONG ABOUT GAMBLING?

Boy. I see it said in a daily newspaper that the British people gamble away £300,000,000 a year, or nearly a million for every working day. Do you think that is true?

Man. I can only say that it may be so, and that it is not unlikely. There are about 12 million families in the country, and many of them bet on horses and dogs every day, while weekly gambling in football pools is very common. Then there are the speculations in stocks and shares. If 12 million families wager an average sum of one shilling a day, that amounts to £600,000 a day.

Boy. What is the effect of gambling? Does it really do any material harm for one man to gamble with another?

Man. As you put it, the answer is No. But the way you put it covers only what is called innocent gambling. Suppose one man says to another: "My horse is swifter than yours, and I'll wager ten pounds that he beats yours over a mile course." The race is run and the money changes hands. Some think that little harm is done to either party if both can afford to lose the wager. The net result is that one is £10 richer, the other £10 poorer. It has been just a game.

Boy. Then where does harm come in?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Man. When a man wagers what he cannot afford to lose, knows nothing of what he wagers upon, and has no real interest in it save the attempt to get something for nothing. Then it is no longer a case of a horse-owner betting on the merit of his own nag, but an ignorant speculation, based on some absurd tip, by which it is hoped to win a lot by risking a little.

Boy. Would I be right in saying that innocent betting is a sport because it gives spice to a game, but that betting purely to make money is not a game at all?

Man. That is very well put. The worst of it is that the money gambled by the multitude is almost entirely of the unsporting variety. Hence the "tips" published in the newspapers, which are nearly always wrong, and the host of professional betting men who quote "odds" to ignorant people and whose object it is to make money out of ignorance.

Boy. But isn't all business a speculation or a series of speculations?

Man. There must be speculation in business matters, which are naturally uncertain; but a business bargain is concerned with real

Obstinate

WHEN the Elephant sat on the Ant
He observed, "Though I'm weighty, I grant,
I won't rise for this fellow
Who makes such a bellow—
I don't need to get up, and I shan't!"

RECORD

AT Le Mans on Monday Mr Wilbur Wright beat all previous performances in flying. Travelling with perfect regularity round the triangular course, which is two thousand metres long, he stayed in the air for one hour and thirty-one minutes, and covered 66 kilometres. He used only 22 of the 50 litres of petrol he had with him, and only two of the ten litres of water. He descended apparently because it was dark; otherwise it is estimated that there was no reason why he should not have flown for three and a half hours.

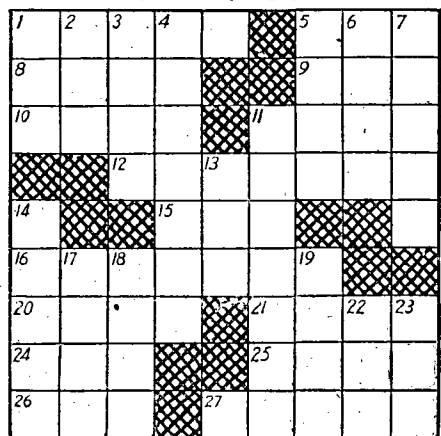
From a newspaper of 1908

Paradox

To those who are witty,
Whose senses are bright:
Do you know what's invisible
Yet always in sight?

Answer next week

Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1 Reward for a warrior. 5 Iron comes from this. 8 A tiny island. 9 A solemn promise. 10 Lizard-like pond-dweller. 11 To dislike greatly. 12 Pertaining to celestial mists. 15 An arithmetical problem. 16 To disperse. 20 This enables a soldier to proceed on leave. 21 To bellow. 24 A big deer. 25 Competent. 26 Our new fire-fighters (Abbrev.) 27 Rest.

Reading Down. 1 Males. 2 Organ of vision. 3 In a descending direction. 4 Certifies. 5 Elliptical. 6 A school roll. 7 Jugs. 11 Belonging to the shoulder. 13 Except. 14 A trembling poplar. 17 Baby cow. 18 Demands. 19 A loose garment. 22 Water was Adam's. 23 A kind of ribbed fabric.

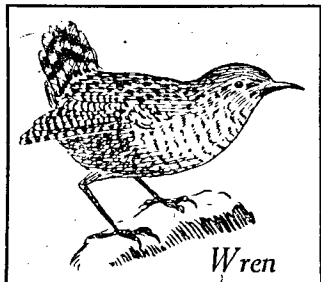
Answer next week

Irishman?

Two men were having a fierce argument, and at last one of them walked away with this parting shot:

"The sooner I never see your face again the better it will be for both of us when next we meet!"

FRIEND OR FOE?



THE cheerful, loud-singing wren is a valuable asset to our gardens, ninety per cent of its food being injurious grubs, insects, and their eggs and larvae. The rest of its food is miscellaneous matter found in and beneath the hedgerows, and Jenny finds great difficulty in providing for herself when the weather is severe. Seldom, however, will you be able to encourage the wren to visit a bird-table, even in the hardest frost.

Do You Live in Birmingham?

BIRMINGHAM used to be spelt Bermingeha, and the word means the home of the Beorningas, or sons of Beorn, a family name which means illustrious.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

Pin Puzzle

The pins are placed on the dots in the following order, reckoning from the top and from left to right. Place a pin in the third dot, line one; the sixth dot, line two; the second dot, line three; the fifth dot, line four; the first dot, line five; and the fourth dot, line six.



Yeast is the richest natural source of Vitamins B.1 and B.2, also Proteins, therefore Yeast is essential to everyone—adults as well as children—especially in these days of rationing. Yet yeast, in its raw state, is so unpalatable that not one person in a million could take it.

ORANJEAST is YEAST in a novel and pleasing form

prepared so that your children, and you, can take it regularly, and enjoy it. Oranjeast possesses all the strengthening, health-giving qualities of yeast, in a form pleasant to everyone.

*THE STRENGTH OF YEAST

*THE FLAVOUR OF ORANGES

Oranjeast counteracts Vitamin 'B' deficiency, is a pleasant drink that children will ask for, a natural tonic drink for the war worker, and a beauty drink for women.

THE CERTIFICATE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH & HYGIENE HAS BEEN AWARDED IN RESPECT OF ORANJEAST.

Price 9d. per packet from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Grocers and Stores. If out of stock Oranjeast can be obtained for you in a few hours.

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The Morning & Evening Drink for Health & Pleasure